Numb. 5.

# The TORY TATLER.

*Solo in Fine Epigramma placet.* Mart.

From *Monday December* 4. to *Wedneſday December* 6. 1710.

## The INTRODUCTION.

*I Have raſhly thrown my ſelf into a Province, which as it was bold to undertake, it will be difficult to maintain.*

*'Twere now puſillanimous not to advance, and inglorious to retreat; nor is there any thing left me but to move in this Orb with Grace, or to fall from it with Diſhonour.*

*I am ſometimes apt to fancy my ſelf like a Mountebank upon the High Rope, that muſt either Dance or break his Neck; or in the ſilly Circumſtance of a Bully, who has wrought up an heroical Scene ſo high, that it muſt end in a Duel or a Beating.*

*Well then; the Die is caſt; but ſince 'twill be impracticable for me to purſue my Purpoſe vigorouſly without the concurring good Will and Aſſiſtance of my Readers, I hope, the Ingenious of both Sexes will oblige me with ſuch Curioſities of all ſorts, as ſhall to them from Time to Time occurr, not excepting the tranſitory Conceits of young Quiblers, the Speeches of dying Lovers, pompous Eſſays without Thought, fine Similitudes without Application, or long Epigrams without Stings; and becauſe I would not appear unreaſonable in my Demands, I will readily excuſe all thoſe from furniſhing their Quota's of Wit, who think they have not enough to ſpare, and likewiſe all thoſe who think they have too much.*

*But whereas Merit without Intereſt can no more ſupport a Writer than Sincerity without Nonſenſe engage a Woman; I hereby earneſtly entreat all Hawkers with indefatigable Shrillneſs and vocal Energy to promote the Sale of this Paper; all Perſons of grave Looks and ſage Appearance to laugh, when they read it, with or without Regard had to any Jeſt therein contain'd; all ſuch as are at a Loſs for Matter of Diſcourſe in Converſation, to ſupply that Defect by making honourable mention of* The TORY TATLER; *and all Wit-Carriers and Fop-Poets to export my beſt Things from Place to Place, and endeavour to eſtabliſh me in the good Graces of the Beaux Monde: And laſt of all, for as much as too conſtant a Reſidence in Town may be prejudicial to my Health, I deſire all ſuch, as make frequent Uſe of the Poſt, to take that Opportunity of ſending me into the Country.*

*From thoſe, whoſe Talents do not enable them to make proper Judgments upon Compoſitions of this Nature, I ſhall be content to accept the Title of a pleaſant Fellow or good comical Dog; from thoſe who delight more in ſolemn Treatiſes, that of a flaſhy Writer; and all I would requeſt from the Men of Wit and Pleaſure is, that they would only place me, every one, ſecond to himſelf.*

*Thus, when I am inveſted with the full Powers of my Office, and ſee my Authority ſtrengthen'd in my Fame, I ſhall proceed to appoint proper Places for the taking cognizance of ſuch Things as don't fall within the Compaſs and Extent of general Laws, for the Regiſtering the Merits of ſome for what they have done, and of others for what they might have done, for the raiſing of obſcure Men of Worth, and depreſſing celebrated Fops. In this manner I ſhall continue to write, perhaps longer than you are willing to read; I muſt ingeniouſly own that it would be a ſolid Affliction to me, if this poor Paper ſhould die in the Flower of its Youth, and be kick'd out of the World before 'tis grown old and dull.*

*From my own Apartment.*

THE Wit and Learning of the Romans encreas'd in Proportion to the Progreſs of their Arms, and they grew powerful and polite together: As ſoon as they had ſubdu'd *Greece* they tranſplanted her Arts to *Italy* and continu'd ſo induſtriouſly to copy from thoſe bright Originals, that at length their Poets and Orators began to equal, if not outſhine, their Maſters. In paſtoral and Dramaticks only they fell ſhort, and I think attempted little or nothing of Epigrammatical Wit till very late, when their Language was become degenerate, corrupt and over run with Barbariſm: Nor do I know of any Author, of what ever Age or Country, who has done extraordinarily in this Kind; even our own *Ben* was exceeding dull at it, *Buchanan* no better, and the merry Greeks themſelves produc'd but a trivial ſort of Waggery, which was generally confin'd to ſuch Perſons only as were remarkable for ſquinting Eyes, long Noſes, or ſome other Bodily Imperfection; in this too they were extravagantly ſuppoſitious and but inſipid Jokers at beſt. In order therefore to entertain my Readers with ſomewhat in this Nature, I was oblig'd to have Recourſe to *Martial*, who has writ more good and more bad Epigrams than any Man that went before, or that came after him: As this Author is commonly deſpis'd by School-boys, ſo is he as fantaſtically carreſs'd by old Men; the beſt Way is to diſtinguiſh between what is excel-

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lent in him, what indifferent, and to expect no more than he himſelf propoſes, who ſpeaking of his Writings, he ſays,

*Some things are Good, ſome Middling, more ſtark*
*Naught ;*
*And thus it is with every Book that's wrote.*

He has, no doubt, many things very noble accurate and ſublime, and which are no ways inferior to the beſt Pieces, Antiquity has furniſh'd us with; but I have at preſent contented my ſelf in general barely to have my Eyes upon him, and have only borrow'd ſome Hints and diſtant Alluſions.

Burrhus, *'tis granted, leads no ſober Life ;*
*And loves his Bottle better than his Wife.*
*To quench his Thirſt, he tipples ſmooth Champaign,*
*And then ſucks Florence till he's dry again.*
*To Glaſſes freſhly waſh'd clean Pipes ſucceed,*
*And wholſome Fogs of Smoak ſurround his Head ;*
*No End of Toping, no Ceſſation's found,*
*But ſtill the Glaſſes and the Pipes go round.*
*Thus* Burrhus *takes, it's true, his conſtant fill*
*Of* Tuſcan *Juice ; but that he ſavours ſtill*
*Of the laſt Night's Debauch, we falſely ſay,*
*For* Burrhus *always tipples till 'tis Day.*

## To a Covetous Old Man.

*While you was worth but fifteen thouſand Pounds,*
*You had your Coach, my Friend, and kept your Hounds ;*
*But ſince thrice fifteen thouſand you have got;*
*You are ſo humble grown, you trudge on Foot.*
*For this high Merit what Reward's too much ?*
*May the Gods give you back again thy Coach.*

## To a Quack who formerly belong'd to the Company of Upholders.

*You was an Undertaker once, I know ;*
*How come you, Friend, to be a Doctor now ?*
*I may miſtake perhaps ; you are the ſame,*
*And keep your Buſineſs ſtill but change your Name.*

## To Cecilius.

*That I'm a liberal Man you love to ſay,*
*And 'tis the News you tell me every Day :*
*If I return your Compliment agen,*
*I ſhall be lib'ral with a Witneſs then.*

*You're young and handſome I confeſs ;*
*None ever ſpoke or thought you leſs :*
*But when you tell your own Renown,*
*There's not an uglier Wench in Town ;*
*With that conceited Clack dear* Betty,
*Thou'rt neither young by* George *nor prety.*

## Of Zoilus.

*I praiſe his Vertues ; he my Faults diſplays ;*
*But no Body believes what either ſays.*

*Drury-Lane*, Decemb. 2d.

This Evening was acted the Admirable Hiſtory of *Harry* the Fourth, in which *Shakeſpear*'s peculiar Genius is more conſpicuouſly ſeen, than in any of his other Performances: The Characters of *Hotſpur* and *Falſtaff* will be inimitable as long as the World laſts, and that excellent Scene between King *Henry* and the Prince of *Wales* read or Heard with Tranſport, while Poetry is in Being; the Thoughts there are ſo great and ſtrongly enforc'd, the Expreſſion ſo pathetic and lively, the Turn ſo natural, and the abrupt Starts and Breakings off ſo paſſionate, that this great Author ſeems to refine upon himſelf, and riſe into a Sublimity unknown even to *Longinus*. The principal Actors touch'd their Parts ſo well in ſome Reſpects, that we had Hopes of ſeeing this Play acted again in the ſame Perfection as we have heretofore ; among the reſt, the Dignity of Mr. *Keen*'s Perſon, and the juſt Decorum of his Action gives a certain Pomp and Nobleſs to the Repreſentation, that inſenſibly leads a Man into the Pleaſure of being rationally deceiv'd, and ſo confirms the Imagination, that 'twere hard to recover ones ſelf from the grave Compoſure one's in, did not Mr. *Eſtcourt* relieve the Attention of the Mind by an admirable Dexterity in humouring Nature, not in the leaſt inferiour to *Betterton*, whatever ſome may think. That Man would certainly give greater Satisfaction were he a worſe Actor. Upon the whole I could not but wonder from my Contemplation of *Shakeſpear*, that any inſignificant Critick ſhould be able to ſucceed, much more to eſtabliſh a Reputation in picking ſilly Faults in a Writer of this prodigious Magnitude.

*THoſe that ſhall pleaſe to honour me with their Correſpondence, are deſir'd to direct their Letters for* The Tory Tatler *at* John Baker's *at the* Black Boy *in* Pater-Noſter-Row, *paying the Poſtage for the ſame.*

*Advertiſements.*

*WHereas Complaint has been made to me, that Hawkers are ſo clamorous and noiſy in their Demands of* The TORY TATLER, *that they break Mr.* Baker's *Morning Sleep, and that of moſt of his Neighbours thrice a Week ; Theſe are to give Notice that I intend very ſpeedily to put an End to ſuch evil Practices : And whereas it has been ſuggeſted that this Paper is either writ by the ſame Hand as the* Tatler, *or* Female Tatler ; *I do ſolemnly declare that the Latter of theſe Reflexions is Malicious, Invidious, and of a dangerous Tendency, and do furthermore promiſe the Reward of a Hundred Pound to any one that ſhall make full and ample Diſcovery, who I am, provided he have no Recourſe to the Family of the* What d'y' call 'ums, *of whoſe Loins I am deſcended.*

N. B. *You are deſir'd to excuſe the Errata's of the Preſs, the Author being at ſo great a Diſtance, that he could not poſſibly have the Proves to ſuperviſe ; and in the mean time due Care ſhall be taken to prevent any Miſtakes or Defects for the future.*

To morrow will be inſerted in the Evening Poſt

*** A Royal Table of Time for the Year 1711, readily ſhewing the Day of the Month, beginning and End of the Law Terms, with their Returns, Holy Days fixt and moveable, the Age of the Moon, and time of High Water at London Bridge, plainer without a Calender than with one, curiouſly engraven on Copper by J. Nutting.

Sold by *John Baker* at the *Black Boy* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.